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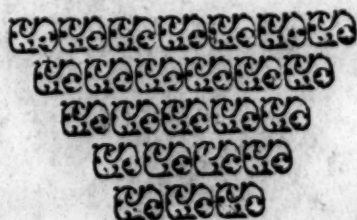
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COLLECTION
OF
POEMS, &c.

FOR and AGAINST

Dr. Sacheverell.

The Third PART.



L O N D O N,

Printed in the Year M DCC X.

COLLECTION

P. O. Box 12

FOR THE ROYAL

Dr. J. C. Scherrell

THE FIRST PART

BOOKS

Published by

A
COLLECTION
OF
POEMS, &c.

The Fox Unkennell'd: Or, The Sham-Memorial.

By the Author of the Seven Extinguishers.

A Fox of Quality, that long
Had put upon both Old and Young,
And in the *Lyon's* Court had been
Time out of Mind a Favourite seen;
As undiscover'd he pursu'd
The *Private* for the *Publick* Good,
Was held suspected in his Wiles,
Wholly t' engross his Sovereign's Smiles;
And this and that *Beast* often strove
To worm him from his Monarch's Love.
But their Attempts could nothing do,
So much the more esteem'd he grew,
By how much more they made Effort
To ruin his Designs at Court;

For he was Master of such Arts
 As to deceive unguarded Hearts,
 And manag'd Things with such a Grace,
 On all Occasions in his Place,
 That almost ev'ry one, but those
 Who could not with his Measures close
 In gulling of the Beastial Nation
 By way of seeming *Moderation*,
 Could not but think he made appear }
 He well deserv'd his Master's Ear,
 In being *Minister Premier*.

In short, *Vulpone* kept his Post,
 To his Accusers Grief and Cost;
 Who, 'stead of bringing it about,
 To have this *Matchiavilian* out,
 To their own Disappointment, found
 Their Expectations run a Ground,
 By the brave *Panther's* Means, who bore
 The Reins of Military Power,
 And was engag'd, as near ally'd,
 To take this envy'd State-man's Side,
 While they who his *Dismission* fought,
 In their own Toils themselves were caught,
 And out of Offices were turn'd,
 By him they'd out of Place have spurn'd.

This accidental Change ensur'd
 The Post his Cunning had procur'd;
 And thenceforth all around the Throne,
 Were none but Creatures of his own;
 Such as the same Opinions held,
 And ravag'd o'er the Woods and Fields,
 Without being question'd for their Crimes
 In those remiss, licensious Times;
 Where 'twas allow'd and understood,
 Beasts should be *moderately* good;
 Should all Things do on all Occasions,
 To shew their sev'ral *Moderations*,

Whether

Whether the *State* or Kingdom's *Weal*
 Call'd for their utmost Care and Zeal;
 Or *Piety*, that lay a bleeding,
 Urg'd a more vigorous Proceeding;
 Still they were found, at ev'ry Trial,
Moderately just and loyal;
 But when the Leaders of their Party
 Would have 'em be more *warm* and *bearty*
 To mount up to Preferment's Pitch,
 And be *immoderately* rich.

Year after Year they kept in play
 The chiefest Posts at Court, their Prey,
 As uncontroul'd in Lust of Power,
 And sanctimoniously soure
 Against all such as durst dispute
 The *Justice* of their *leading* Brute.
 They voted it a high Offence
 For any one to speak good Sense,
 Or bring in Question what was done
 By these the Guardians of the Throne,
 While ev'ry *Monkey* and *Baboon*
 Squeal'd out their Praises out of Tune,
 And hir'd on purpose to set forth
 Their Virtues and pretended Worth,
 Was suffer'd Nobles to abuse,
 And Beasts of spotless Truth accuse,
 That would not in their Counsels join,
 And the *Succession* undermine,
 Which by a previous Resolve
 Was on a *Leopard* to devolve,
 On whom the Scepter was entail'd,
 In case the *Lyon's* Issue fail'd.

But as the Wisest sometimes err,
 And Schemes that hurt themselves prefer,
 While they take Measures, and devise
 Ways to defeat their Enemies;
 So 'twas the *Fox* his luckless Fortune,
 While he contriv'd behind the Curtain,

And

And underhand was Means a brewing,
To bring about his En'mies Ruin,
So to project and cast Affairs,
As brought about *his* Fall, not theirs.

It happen'd while the *Beasts* were met,
Yearly about Affairs of State,
A *Bull* that thought the Throne aggriev'd
By Principles of late receiv'd,
And publicly profess'd and taught
Reasons against those Doctrines brought,
By which he vigorously maintain'd
The *Lyon's* Right that o'er them reign'd,
And made it evidently clear
He was not an *Elective Heir*,
But by *Descent* and *Birth* laid Claim
To *Kingly Government* and Fame,
As no Pretence for Disobedience
Could draw his Subjects from Allegiance,
In whom 'was a supream Offence
To *question* or *coerce* their Prince.

This Declaration, at a Time
When such Assertions seem'd a Crime,
Rouz'd up an *Otter*, in whose Nature
It was to live on Land and Water;
And was the *Fox* his Pensioner,
To make a Noise and mighty Stir,
That the Delinquent might be brought
To answer for his heinous Fault.
'Twas done, for he that bears the P—se
Must have great Interest of Course;
And after various *Pro* and *Con*
To bring the ticklish Matter on,
The loyal *Bull* was try'd and cast,
And had upon him Sentence pass'd,
Spight of his *Friends* that took his Part,
With all the *Rhetorick* and *Art*
That could be shewn on any Side,
Where *Reason* was to be their Guide;

Or

Or where the *Royal Presence* might
 Have aw'd his Subjects with its Sight,
 From daring openly to espouse
 The *Breach* of sacred *Oaths* and *Vows*,
 Which they had to their Monarch given
 When he receiv'd his *Crown* from *Heaven*.

At which, the Woods with one Accord,
 And Fields, implor'd their Sovereign Lord
 To reassume his ancient Rights,
 Impatient of his Subjects Sights,
 And banish from his Presence those
 Durst his Prerogatives oppose;
 Or would his *Royal Title* cripple
 By the Advancement of the People,
 To whom they would his Power transfer,
 And Rights of making *Peace* and *War*.

When fly *Vulpone* took Alarm
 At Sight of this approaching Harm,
 That must *unkennel* him of Course,
 Should these have the prevailing Force.
 But how to find out Means and Ways
 His sinking *State* and *Hopes* to raise,
 Not one amongst his Creatures cou'd
 Give Counsel fit to be pursu'd.

At last Lord *Reynard* wagg'd his Tail,
 As if he had found what could not fail
 To rivet him within his Place,
 And make him sure to keep his M——,
 Which was to counterfeit a Sort
 Of sham M———l sent to Court
 From an adjacent Forrest, that
 Had been his King's Confederate,
 And many Years had firmly stood
 By's Interest, for the common Good;
 As both conjoin'd, strove hard and fast
 To lay their Foes Enclosures waste.

In this, the *Lynn* was advis'd
 To be of other Means appris'd,

Than

Than at that Juncture to agree
 To change his present M——y,
 Since it in all Appearance might
 Their strict Alliance disunite,
 And make a Twenty Years Agreement
 To lose its Energy and Cement:
 Besides, it would at Home create
 Intestine Troubles in his State.

And Boars, and Wolves, and Beasts of Force,
 That had supply'd him with their Purse,
 Would all turn Retrogade of Course.
 Would cease thenceforward to supply
 His Majesty's Necessity,
 When Exigencies of the War
 Should urge Remittances from far.

How! Said a Heiffer that was nigh,
 And saw the Fraud with half an Eye,
 Is this the Style of an Ally?
 No, no, my Leige, survey it round,
 Their Deference is too profound,
 Both for your Person and your Sense,
 To offer at such Insolence,
 As all good Manners to forsake,
 And point out Methods you're to take
 In your Direction of Affairs,
 That does not interfere with theirs;
 Down to its End from its Beginning,
 'Tis every Word the Fox's Penning.

At which the Monarch having weigh'd
 What could in his Defence be said,
 And paus'd upon the Allegations
 Of his Accusers in their Stations,
 Wisely pronounc'd the Offender's Doom,
 And bid him go and rule at Home,
 Since he would from that Moment be
 From such unfaithful Servants free,
 That would corrupt his Family:

*Nor could he think his Person safe,
 While in his Hands he kept the Staff.
 Not but his past Attendance shou'd
 At this Conjunction do him good,
 And shew a Master's Gratitude,
 Since 'twas an Act of Royal Grace,
 Tamely to let him quit his Place;
 Without more fatal Consequences
 Of such unparallell'd Offences,
 And Instances of Mercy give,
 By suff'ring so much Guilt to live.*

*The Voice was out, and mix'd with Air,
 Shew'd how he could Transgressors spare,
 That call'd for Punishments severe;
 And lo! the Beasts before dismiss'd,
 Their former Offices possess'd,
 And saw themselves once more restor'd
 To sit again at C——l Board,
 To give Advice, and Measures take,
 Which their Opposers Schemes should break.*

*When universal Mirth appear'd,
 And Victory its Aspect rear'd,
 Trod on the Heels of the Report
 Of Alterations at the Court,
 As unexpected and as strange,
 As was that Blessing of a Change,
 Which brought glad Moments smiling on,
 And eccho'd Joy from Sun to Sun;
 The Prince and People both confess'd
 To be reciprocally bless'd;
 The first secur'd of their Esteem,
 The last of Liberty in him.*

On General Stanhope.

WHere e're you fought, the haughty Foes were
 (broke ;
 The Priest more haughty, trembl'd when you spoke.
 Thus *Jove* th' aspiring Giants drove to Hell,
 By Light'ning some, some stunn'd by Thunder fell.
 Blest *Spain* ! whilst such a Sword protects her Cause ;
 Blest we ! whilst such a Tongue maintains our Laws.
 Had you been Consul when devoted *Rome*,
 By Eloquence, was snatch'd from threaten'd Doom,
 Not Statues only had preserv'd your Fame,
 But Altars would have born your sacred Name.
 Let lesser Merit thus in Marble live,
 Your Glories shall the solid Brass survive ;
 And the extreamest Ages shall be taught,
 How well for Liberty you spoke and fought.

*The Tryal and Sentence in Poland.**By N. F. G.*

HOW does it consist with the Oath of Allegiance,
 To punish the Teacher of Passive-Obedience ?
 Why should not the Homilies, teaching the same,
 Along with the Sermon submit to the Flame ?
 This fiery President makes it possible,
 The next Burnt-offering may be the B—ble.
 No Example ever was given by Christ,
 To burn a Sermon, or silence a Priest.
 The *Marionite* Prophets, who lately pretended
 Divine Inspiration, were better befriended.
 Now Passive-Obedience is left in the Lurch,
 And saucy Resistance abides in your Church.

For

For Int'rest she preaches Obedience to Day,
 To Morrow she teacheth us to disobey;
 To swear and unswear, assert and disown,
 Address and betray both the C——h and the C——n.
 For these Contradictions, she has an Evasion,
 By calling Expulsion, a free Abdication.
 She murder'd the Father, dishonour'd the Mother,
 Beheaded the one, and now burnt the other.
 How comes it to pass that she imitates those
 Jesuitical Maxims she seems to oppose?
Magdalen was (with the rest of her Sisters)
 Lately debauch'd by her holy Ministers.
 Six Prelates for H— C——h, and seven for Low,
 At Sixes and Sevens Religion doth go.
 A Clergy divided in Points of Salvation,
 Disfigure the Church, and distemper the Nation.
 The Pr——te absenting himself at the Tryal,
 Resembles the Picture of *Peter's* Denial:
 But when the Cock crew, then *Peter* repented;
 Now Presbyter crows, but is not resented.
 Thus (when the late Martyr had need of their Votes)
 They sneak'd, or absented, or alter'd their Notes;
 And tamely permitted that King's Decollation,
 As now this Combustion and late Tolleration.

*A Letter from Mr. Thomas D'Urfe, to a
 Friend of his in the State, concerning the late
 Alterations.*

SIR, you'll excuse me for inditing,
 There's no great Harm, I think, in writing;
 Without Offence a Man may scribble,
 Nor mean much Mischief in a Quibble.
 The World is in the Rhiming Cue,
 And Nonsense never yet was new.

Through all my Works you see it shine,
 But, mark me well, 'tis with Design.
 To scribble somewhat more than need,
 To write so long that none will read,
 And shew how empty 'tis within,
 I'm a sad Clog, if that's a Sin:
 If 'tis not deem'd Ambition glorious,
 For Fools to make themselves notorious,
 The Lord knows what Excuse to frame,
 Yet Brother *Tate*'s as much to blame.
 But not to borrow *Blackmore*'s Stile,
 And spin my Story out a Mile,
 My Text to make no tedious Farce on,
 Nor turn my self into a Parson,
 I'll tell you what's the Case, in short,
 And be so brief, you'll thank me for't.
 Not having made the Tour of *France*,
 Or learnt of fam'd *Labee* to dance,
 I did presume it might be better
 To make my Bows by way of Letter, }
 And pay you my Devoirs in Metre,
 Besides, as Times go, I assure you,
Tom's ev'ry Inch Poetick Fury;
 Can cant in Verse, can court, can f—e,
 And ev'ry thing, alas, but thrive:
 Discourse of Politicks, like *Dyer*,
 And be as arch a Wag as *Prior*.
 In merry Pin and jocund Plight,
 I hope at last I shall come by't;
 Some little Place I mean, you'll guess,
 And in good Troth I mean no less.
 I now assume a stately Pace,
 Exert my Cloak with better Grace;
 Look mighty pert, and mighty big,
 A certain Sign I'm not a Whig;
 For they at present, as I trow,
 Are, what they call themselves, but low;

Volpon?

Volpon', it seems, had form'd a Plot;
 But sure I'm out, if he did not.
 To tell you in plain Terms my Mind,
 I little did expect to find
 Such Christian Graces in 'em shining;
 Yet now, good Souls, they're all resigning,
 And will, 'tis hop'd, without Pretences,
 Be very mod'rate in Expences;
 Nor prove such Knaves at Diminution,
 As ere to damn a Revolution:
 But know at last, that, as the Story's,
French Wine and *Phillis* are for *Tories*:
 Yet patient tho' they prove, and humble,
 I fear me much their Guts will grumble;
 That they'll for Credit be to seek,
 And with the State must go on Tick.
 But oh! Stocks fall, and Jobbing ceases;
 They'll lend no Money, as the Case is.
 How now! dull Sots of *Lombard Causey*,
 Is it for Cuckolds to be sawcy?
 These Usurers their worst may do,
 There's Ways and Means that will accrue,
 To get their Wives, and Money too.

You know, dear Friend, in worst of Times,
 We Gentlemen addict to Rhimes,
 Have Souls inflam'd with noble Fires;
 Poets of course, must be High-flyers,
 And are, I own, as the Itch burns,
 A little too, too fond of Turns.
 But the main Stress of all this Ditty,
 Is but to beg you'd not be witty,
 I should have said, Sir, not forget me;
 For if your Mem'ry fails by Fits,
 (States-men remember much like Wits.)
 Tho' I express it somewhat odly,
 I hold it were a Thing ungodly,
 To squabble thus for State and Church,
 And leave poor *Mævius* in the Lurch.

Postscript.

They tell me, that *Philip of Spain*
 Is beaten and routed again;
 Why, faith, he has made a noble Campaign,
 Now *Lisbon* and *Port* may be sold
 Much cheaper, 'tis hop'd, than of old;
 We may now fill our Coffers once more,
 And take a Trip to fam'd *Tagus's Shore*.
 The black *Spanish Dames*, they say, are so civil,
 'Twill be no hard Matter to cuckold the Devil.

The W—g's Litany.

From a *Senate* intent on the Good of the Nation,
 With Judgments oppos'd to *Infatuation*,
 From whose Pow'r alone, we can hope for Salvation,
Libera nos, &c.
 From a *Council* by provident Policy led,
 To discover our Cause, tho' a-sleep, is not dead,
 But hopes she may fairly be soon brought to Bed,
Libera nos, &c.
 From a new Set of Courtiers unlike to the old,
 Whose Honours will never be brib'd or be sold,
 For *Prelacy* firm, and *Supremacy* bold,
Libera nos, &c.
 From the Doctrine of *Passive-Obedience*, which teaches
Resistance our Faith, and Religion impeaches,
 'Gainst which our Friends lately did make such fine
 (Speeches,
Libera nos, &c.
 From *Loyal Addressees*, which lash to the Quick,
 With Doses which makes us confoundedly sick,
 Whose Authors we heartily wish at old Nick,
Libera nos, &c.
 From

From those *loyal Notions* have govern'd of late,
Which threaten us with unavoidable Fate,
And a *Doctor* whom worse than the Devil we hate,

Libera nos, &c.

That our staunch *Good Old Cause* may the *Mitre* throw
(down,

And the *Presbyter Cloak* triumph o'er the *Gown*,
While that grows the Scorn and Contempt of the
(Town,
Oramus.

That this baffl'd Axiom again may awake,
That *Kings* from the *People Authority* take,
And that *Heav'n* has no *Right* its *Vicegerent* to make,
Oramus.

That the World may believe we bid *Rome* bold De-
(fiance,
While her *Doctrines* and ours holds strictest Alliance,
In raising *Sedition* by mutual Compliance,
Oramus.

That when we *communicate* for a good Place,
Submitting to *Lucre*, our *Titles* to grace,
We the Scandal may baulk by an impudent Face,
Oramus.

That if ever our *Minds* with *Remorse* are perplex;
We may appear fairly to keep to our Text,
To thrive in this World, tho' we're damn'd in the
(next,
Oramus.

Tho' all the same *Tenets* we publickly own,
Which *Charles* (call'd the *Martyr*) depos'd from the
(Throne,
May the Q— be perswaded most *Loyal* we're grown,
Oramus.

When e're we've a Cause to prefer with a *Flaw*,
May the *Judges* be all over-rul'd, and the *Law*,
And who can do this, may all Mankind destroy,
Oramus.
That

That P——, who Tooth and Nail stuck to it daily;
In Malice to the *Doctor*, to hang a poor *Bailly*,
May the better Success with such Service regale ye;

Oramus.

That some of the B——ps, who were our best Friends;
And left their Church for us at *Sixes* and *Sevens*,
May continue our Cullies 'till we have our Ends;

Oramus.

That Sa——y, who, like a fierce Man of *Birch*,
Lash'd his Flock 'till he lash'd 'em all out of the
(Church,
May no more be so wickedly left in the Lurch,

Oramus.

That he who a Conquest but lately pretended,
And after the *People's Supream Right* defended,
May ne'er his patch'd Conscience have thoroughly
(mended,

Oramus.

That the *Parson* of *Bow*, with the rest of his Stamp,
May our *Antimonarchical Tenets* new vamp,
And follow with *Bible* and *Bullets* our Camp,

Oramus.

May those noble *Peers*, who for us arose
'Gainst a *High-flying Tapster*, and cut off his Nose;
Be *Heroes* dubb'd, tho' but to frighten the *Crows*,

(*Oramus.*

That K——t, who (remov'd from an Office of Gains)
Had a Feather bestow'd on his Cap for his Pains,
May have something more weighty in's Skull, than
(his Brains,

Oramus.

That a *Dutchess* be in the same Grace as before;
And hold our *fast Friend*, tho' we cannot explore,
Or ever have heard of one *Good* in her more,

Oramus.

That

That our Friend *Observer* and *Pill'ry'd Review*,
 Who strengthen our Side with an infamous Crew,
 May their Impudence daily (tho' baffl'd) renew.

Oramus.

Tho' the Vermin Sedition so long have harangu'd,
 Their *Exit* draws near, having often been bang'd,
 That our Cause may continue when they are both
 (hang'd;

Oramus.

That *Burg*——s, who always is acting a Farce,
 May bear up against the vile Mob, like a *Mars*,
 Tho' he has no more Sense in his Zeal, than mine A—,

Oramus.

That our *secret Vices* may shun open *Views*,
 With kind holy *Sisters* supplying our *Stews*,
 While we drink and we whore in our own Tribes like

{ *Jews*,

Oramus.

When with *Shew of Conscience* the World we have
 (cheated,

And bubbl'd 'em with the same Play, oft repeated,
 We may openly laugh at the Fools we've defeated,

Oramus.

And when the short Scene of this Life shall be past,
 That we may *cheat the Devil himself* at the last,
 Tho' we fear his grim Worship has got us too fast,

Oramus.

The Narrative.

W^Hen Sov'reign Commons Princes made
 To rule by them, not be obey'd;
 When Churches with, as without Steeple,
 Preach'd up Resistance in the People;
 One Priest, by Chance, was incoherent,
 And taught the Queen was God's Vicegerent.

C

The

The Commons Vote, that Heav'n nor she
 Should arrogate their Sov'raignty;
 Impeach the saucy Insolent,
 That do'tt the odious Doctrine print
 Of Scandal, Faction, Crimes so high,
 Some thought they reach'd to Blasphemy,
 Maliciously t' assert that Power,
 The Queen's, which they but lent unto her,
 And could resume when e'er they wou'd,
 In spite of either her or G—d.
 The Peers, not her, as by old Laws,
 Were Judge and Jury of the Cause,
 And a huge Scaffold, what the Cost is,
 The Queen best knows, was Court of Justice,
 Perhaps intended, in Conclusion,
 To serve as once for Execution:
 Whither poor *Anna* trudg'd from *White-hall*,
 To hear her Subjects try her Title,
 Sat weeping on the tott'ring Throne,
 And made *Sa——*'s Case her own.
 The ancient Fathers, great and small,
 From good *St. Jerome*, up to *Paul*,
 Did justify the Criminal.
 Nay, *Christ* himself, 'twas made appear,
 Taught the same Principles, when here.
 But nothing could acquit the Priest,
 Nor *Father Paul*, nor *Jesus Christ*,
 The Doctrine was too plain and true,
 And inconsistent with their new;
 Besides, did Deeds of theirs arraign,
 Which they would practice o'er again,
 But in respect to spotless Lawn,
 They'd not unfrock their Brother Gown,
 Nor fine, nor pill'ry, nor imprison,
 The Sermon only smelt of Treason;
 Therefore this wise Resolve they took,
 To spare the Doctor, burn the Book.

Look to the Gospel, Paul and Jesus,
Sachew'ell's Sermons do displease us;
He copy'd you, was your Disciple,
Your Turn then's next, they'll burn the Bible.

A Copy of Verses spoke by the Bell-Man of St. Margaret's Westminster, last Christmas, under the Window of John Dolben, Esq; one of the Managers against Dr. Henry Sacheverell.

MY Master *Dolben*, he did well
For to impeach *Sacheverell*;
For he was an invidious Incendiary,
And loved not King *William*, nor Queen *Mary*.
So *Pim* did formerly impeach Doctor *Mainwaring*,
For he was a Man that was both obstinate and da-
(ring,
And never would, 'till twas too late, take Warning.
Good Morrow, Master *Dolben*, my Masters and Mi-
(stresses all, good Morning.

The Duke of Beaufort's new Toast to the Citizens of London.

THE Queen, God preserve, Heav'n's pious Vice-
 (gerent,
 With her Right to the Crown, in her Birth is inhe-
 (rent.
 The Church in this Kingdom establish'd by Law,
 That the true Faith may keep all false Worships in
 (Awe
 And may Heav'n pour the choicest of Blessings di-
 (vine
 On her Protestant Heirs of the *Hannover* Line.

To a Parliament next, let a Bumper go round,
That will act in Concert with these Principles sound.
To a Ministry that from their Duties won't start,
But join in our Wishes with Hand and with Heart.
To a happy and lasting Enjoyment of Peace,
That our Taxes may fall, and our Trade may in-
To this City's particular flourishing State, (crease.
That its Actions may rise, and his Factions abate.
To the Nation in gen'ral, whose Welfare we prize,
And all good Men hold much more dear than their
(Eyes.
To its Grandeur let no Men refuse to take this,
But each Native, like us Boys, *Huzza*, and cry *Tes*.

*Honest Clodd's Advice to his Country-men, how
to chuse such Members of Parliament in the
next Election, as may preserve their Liber-
ties and Estates.*

TO open all your Eyes, and let you know,
At next Election, what you ought to do,
By passive Priest-craft how to bring about,
That *Perkin* may turn in, and *ANNE* turn out;
And, like *Sacheverell*, to undermine
Your native Rights, Laws human and divine;
First, like that Hypocrite, you must invent
All Spight can do 'gainst this Parliament;
Dethrone the *Queen*, applaud the false Pretender,
And all the *Bishops* Presbyterians render.
If any Man but whisper Moderation,
Swear he's the greatest Rebel in the Nation,
Lineal Succession to the Skies advance,
Thereby maintain his Right that's now in *France*.
Prove, if you can, no King can do amiss,
Tho' he, not God's, but Hell's Vicegerent is.

Declare

Declare'twas hard that *James* should lose his Crown,
 Harder, the Daughter should thrust out the Son.
 Tell the *Queen* plainly, for you mean as much,
 That now 'tis Time to leave her in the Lurch,
 And get a Papist to protect the Church. }
 Church, did I say? No, no, I meant the State;
 The precious Sons of *Levi* may do that;
 I mean his flying Sons, they best can guide
 The Church to *Rome*, and clip the Gentry's Pride:
 They can inform their King, how he was sent
 From Heav'n to rule without a Parliament;
 That Laws and Lawyers are but useless Stuff,
 His Royal Will and Pleasure is enough
 To raise a Tax, and let the Commons know
 If they have Titles to their Lands or no:
 To make them happy, that they nought may lose,
 All shall be *Cæsar's*, but their Wooden Shoes.
 They'll damn whoever durst resist his Will,
 Except themselves and Don *Sacheverell*;
 Who still may hector, Scriptures falsify,
 A Prophet's Servant or his God belie, }
 And all's but just, so High-Church gain thereby.
 There's one Thing more than they and you have }
 Th'exalt the Crozier much above the Crown, (done,
 You to defend its Rights, and keep your own. }
 Dear *Clodd*, be wise, preserve thy own Estate
 'Gainst pious Fraud, and passive Popish Prate.

On burning Dr. Sac——— ll's Sermon.

NO! sacred Pages, never more repine,
 Tho' sacrific'd to Faction and Design;
 Thy Votaries by this, more strong become,
 Gath'ring fresh Vigour by thy Martyrdom.
Arabian Spices so dissolv'd by Heat,
 Scatter around Perfumes divinely sweet.

So *Ptolomy's* fam'd Library did shine
 In unlearn'd Flames, no less compar'd to thine.
 They perish'd, but thy deathless Work receives
 Fresh Vigour from the burning of thy Leaves.
 Spight of their envious Hate, thou shalt be read,
 Nor die, 'till Truth and Principle be dead.
 Thou to thy former Beauty shalt return,
 Shine like a Cherub, like a Seraph burn.
 But oh! expect what the three Children bore,
 A Flame that's seven times hotter than before,
 And all Fanatick Rage can practise more.
 But thou shalt feel no Harm, nor Fear disclose,
 But like the Furnace, flash upon thy Foes.

Fair Warning.

MAdam, look out, your Title is arraign'd;
Sachererell saps the Ground whereon you stand.
 'Tis Revolution that upholds your Throne.
 Let Non-Resistance thrive, and you're undone.
 If passive Doctrines boldly are reviv'd,
 Your Crown's precarious, and your Reign short-
 Such Notions with Impunity profess, (liv'd.
 Will make the Pow'r of Parliaments a Jest.
 Their Acts of Settlement are Ropes of Sand,
 And *Hannover* may rule his native Land.
 When Pulpits sound no Limitation's good,
 No Right, but in Proximity of Blood,
 Who sees not the Pretender's understood?
 Impatient for their darling Chevalier,
 You're in their Mercy for another Year:
 Tho' Loyalty and Church are their Pretence,
 Inherent Birth-right is their secret Sense,
 And Restoration is the Consequence.

An Answer to the Fair Warning.

By N. F. G.

Monarchs, beware, your Titles they disown,
 Who say Obedience undermines the Throne.
 'Tis Non-Resistance that upholds the Crown,
 Let bold Resistance thrive, 'twill tumble down.
 If Whiggish Maxims saucily are taught,
 Your Crowns are Baubles, and your Titles nought.
 Such prophane Notions impudently prest,
 Will make supreme Prerogative a Jest.
 All divine Rights are then like Spiders Nets,
 And Church Decrees and Homilies are Cheats.
 When Tub-Dissenters eagerly are bent
 Against Monarchical-Establishment,
 Who sees not *Cromwell* is expressly meant?
 Impatient for their darling Common-wealth,
 Which they promote by Violence or Stealth,
 Though Laws and Constitution's their Pretence,
 Inherent Anarchy's their secret Sense,
 And Decollation is the Consequence.

The London Address.

Madam,

WEl the hundred and fifty Elect of the Gown,
 By his Lordship conven'd from all Parts
 (of the Town,
 Now you've turn'd out your Friends, for which
 (Heavens bless you!
 Conceive we may safely mislead and address you.
 In the first Place, we beg you'd be pleas'd to take
 (Notice,
 For 'tis nothing but Truth, *in verbo Sacerdotis*,
 That

That the Hearts and the Hands of High-Church
 (Men were never
 Yet known, in State-Matters, to travel together :
 This we wisely premise, that from thence you may
 (guess

What Credit is due to our Loyal Address.
 The Tryal was wicked, no Precedent for it ;
 And as *genuine Sons of the Church*, we abhor it ;
 Of your Honour, no doubt, 'twas a horrid Invasion,
 To maintain to your Face, and that of the Nation,
 That the late Revolution, by which you now reign,
 Was free from Rebellion's most damnable Stain :
 Your Majesty's Title we say's by Descent,
 Tho' we swear 'tis confirm'd by the People's Consent.
 Thus the Church-Bacon's fav'd, come Whig or come

(Tory,
 We've a Meaning reserv'd to prove we are for you :
 We have taken the Oaths, and our Livings secur'd,
 Yet ne'er heard of his Claim, whose Claim we've ab-
 (jur'd.

Sometimes in our Works, Right divine's our Ex-
 (pression,

Sometimes we cry up the establish'd Succession :
 So catch as catch can, we've engag'd the Caresses
 Of *St. Germans* and *Hannover* by our Addresses.

We own 'tis a Sin your just Pow'r to resist,
 Yet we vow to withstand it, whenever we list ;
 For if we but fancy that Slavery's coming,
 My Lord'crys, To Horse, and we all fall a drum-
 (ming.

We thought the *French* King was reduc'd enough
 (long since,

And to ruin him quite, was too cruel in Conscience ;
 We therefore all join in this peaceable Pray'r,

Oh ! Lord, scatter those that delight in the War.

To conclude : Oh ! thou Mother of our Mother-
 (Church,

Good Grand-mother, leave us not now in the Lurch ;
 You

You see we are here in a Militant State,
 And our Triumphs, God knows, are promis'd us late.
 Ah! do but indulge us in the next Convocation,
 We'll drive your Supremacy out of the Nation,
 And hoist up our own, 'till the next Restoration. }

The Impeachment.

A *Nightingale*, whose warbling Tongue
 Had charm'd his Hearers with his Song,
 As all the Beasts, and all the Birds,
 Suck'd *Hony* from his melting Words,
 That Sweet as what from *Hybla* flows,
 Or the Bee gathers from the *Rose*,
 Might win upon the nicest Taite,
 Was cag'd for some Expressions past,
 That seem'd too zealous and too warm
 For one that ne'er intended Harm.

This Bird and that, in each one's Station,
 Harangu'd upon his Accusation ;
 And from the Premises, deduc'd
 Conclusions that were never us'd ;
 'Till forc'd and far-fetch'd *Inuendo's*,
 Quite run aground *se Defendendo's* ;
 For which a certain *Eagle* lost,
 Some Years before, his Regal Post.

But yet, what ever could be said,
 Or Allegations for him made,
 He was adjudg'd, some Time to come,
 To practise Silence, and be dumb ;
 Least he too high should swell a Note,
 And above *Ela* stretch his Throat.

At this, a *Bull-Finch*, who foresaw
 What would come of this B—h of Law,
 And to the most experienc'd Sense
 Had join'd the Froce of Eloquence,

D

Cry'd

Cry'd out, ' What Songster now shall dare
 ' To captivate the list'ning Ear ?
 ' To drive away the Cares of Life,
 ' And into Friendship soften Strife,
 ' If those offend that use such Strains,
 ' And must be censur'd for their Pains ?
 He spoke, and instantly was join'd
 By Birds of ev'ry sort and Kind ;
 As from all Parts the feather'd Race
 Came sorrowing for this Convict's Case,
 And to the *Eagle's* Throne apply'd
 For her Compassion on his side,
 And to change Hands with those, whose Lust
 Of Power had into Places thrust,
 The *Bats* and *Owls*, who Birds of Night,
 Deny'd Hereditary Right.

The Royal *Eagle* in her Breast
 First weigh'd by whom she was address'd,
 The Reasons why they made Complaint,
 And the Injustice of's Restraint ;
 Then wisely gave Command, that those
 Who had been his invet'rate Foes,
 No longer should be seen at Court,
 Or to her Places resort,
 But order'd, in their stead, the *Thrush*
 Should leave his *Bramble* and his *Bush*,
 And *Larks* and *Linnets*, and the rest
 That Innocence in *Fields* exprest,
 From their belov'd Retreat should come,
 And charm her in her royal Dome.

They bless'd the Voice that spoke, and came
 All o'er Obedience to the Dame.
 When all the Birds with one accord
 Own'd Justice to its Seat restor'd,
 And Acclamations upwards sent,
 To give their Satisfaction Vent.
 As thenceforth *Singing Birds* alone
 Were suffer'd to come near the Throne,

And

And all the Bats and Owls withdrew
To lurking Holes, from human View.

High-Church Loyalty. A Song.

YE Whigs and Dissenters, what wou'd you have
(done ?
Ne'er think of restoring your old Forty-One.

*Then fill up a Bowl, fill it up to the Brim ;
Here's a Health to all those who the Church do esteem.*

We know the Pretence you for Liberty Baul ;
But had you your Will, you'd destroy Church and
*Then fill up a Bowl, &c. (all.
Here's a Health, &c.*

Let us join Hand in Hand, and we'll heartily pray,
That the Church may stand safe for e'er and a Day.
*Then fill up a Bowl, &c.
Here's a Health, &c.*

Old England is true to the Queen and the Crown,
Whilst the Whigs wou'd the Mitre and Surplice pull
*Then fill up a Bowl, &c. (down.
Here's a Health, &c.*

(ring,
While the Phoenix stands up, and the Bow Bells do
Here's a Health to Sachev'rell, and God bless the
*Then fill up a Bowl, &c. (Queen.
Here's a Health, &c.*

To the pious good Bishops of London and York,
And the rest of the Patriarchs that join'd in the
*Then fill up a Bowl, &c. (Work.
Here's a Health, &c.*

To those true High-Church Lords let a Bumper go
(round,
Who stood by the Church, and defended the Crown.
Then fill up a Bowl, &c.
Here's a Health, &c.

To *Harcourt* and *Phillips*, those learned in Laws,
Dod, *Henchman*, and *Dee*, who defended his Cause.
Come fill up a Bowl, &c.
Here's a Health, &c.

A Health to those Members too can't be deny'd,
Who Loyally spoke against having him try'd.
Then fill up a Bowl, &c.
Here's a Health, &c.

But let Faction and Shame his Foes all confound,
Whilst the Church, and *Sachev'rell*, and *ANNA* go
Fill, fill up a Bowl, &c. (round.
Here's a Health, &c.

An Answer to High-Church Loyalty. A Song.

YOU Pinacle Flyers, where would you advance ?
What, would you be bringing of *Perkin* from
Instead of a Bowl filled up to the Brim, (France ?
A Halter for those that wou'd bring Perkin in.

You hot ones, that seem for the Church for to stand,
But aim to bring Popery into the Land.
Instead of a Bowl, &c.
A Halter, &c.

Nay, whether for Church or Dissenters they seem,
That are in their Hearts against our gracious Queen.
Instead of a Bowl, &c.
A Halter, &c. Oh !

Oh ! how you rejoyc'd about too Years ago,
When you brought the Pretender to *Scotland*, you
Instead of a Bowl, &c. (know !
A Halter, &c.

But Thanks to our gracious Queen *Anne* of *Britain*,
Who sent the Rogues packing to *France* back again.
Instead of a Bowl, &c.
A Halter, &c.

Now *Jacobites, Jacobites*, where is your Hope,
Of bringing the D—l, the Turk, or the Pope.
Instead of a Bowl, &c.
A Halter, &c.

You, under the Notion of Church, make a Noise,
While the Pope's in you Belly, you *Jacobite* Boys.
Instead of a Bowl, &c.
A Halter, &c.

Moderation you cannot abide for to hear,
You'd wickedly bring in *French* Tyranny here.
Instead of a Bowl, &c.
A Halter, &c.

You say we for Liberty, Liberty bawl,
But you wou'd destroy the Crown, Kingdom, and all.
Instead of a Bowl, &c.
A Halter, &c.

But now your Contrivance is all at a stand,
Tho' you wou'd have *Papists* to govern the Land
Instead of a Bowl, &c.
A Halter, &c.

Then farewell High-flyers, your Ways are all seen,
We are for old *England*, and God bleis the Queen.
Instead of a Bowl, &c.
A Halter, &c. Then

Then here is a Health to the Church and the Crown,
Whilst Pop'ry and Tyranny both tumble down.

Instead of a Bowl, &c.

A Halter, &c.

A Reply to the Answer to High-Church Loyalty.

A Song.

YOU Terrestrial Low-Creepers, what do you mean
By Perkin and Pope, to asperse honest Men?
*Instead of Bumper, fill up a whole Tun,
And a Halter for those that the Mischief begun.*

Perfidious Hypocrites, that seem so devout,
You fain would extinguish Religion quite out.
*To pious Sachev'rell let Bumpers go round,
Who dash'd your Endeavours at last on the Ground.*

We have not forgot your Contrivance of late,
Against both the Crown, and the Church, and the
*In Rivers of Claret let Loyalty swim. (State.
But a Halter for those in Religion do trim.*

You are not contented to play your old Game,
But sily would fix upon others the Blame.
*Instead of a Bowl filled up to the Brim,
In Pipes of Canary let Honesty swim.*

As for the Pretender, you are his true Friends,
Who breed a Confusion to compass his Ends.
*Then fill up the Bowl fill it up to the Brim;
Let Treason sink down, and let Loyalty swim,*

But Phanaticks, Phanaticks, never hope more
To bring in a Cromwell, as you did before.
*With Garlands of Honour their Temples be crown'd,
Who Popish and Whigish Designs do confound.*

Your

Your Bugbear of Perkin, the Turk, and the Pope,
Will never prevail to extinguish our Hope.

*The Church of Great Britain shall flourish again,
Not under a Perkin, but Hannover's reign.*

You under the Colour of sanctify'd Zeal,
Cry up Moderation, your Gaul for to conceal.

*But wary Sachev'rell discover'd the Cheat,
And open'd the Eyes of the Nation to see't.*

The late Toleration, for which you did baul,
Has made you so haughtly, that now you must fall.

*Then drink a full Brimmer to those honest Men,
That Faction kept out, and are now coming in.*

We see your Intentions begin to appear,
How by a Protector you'd manage us here.

*Which waksn'd the Nobles, and startl'd the Queen,
Who now are determin'd to alter the Scene.*

Good Night, Gaffer Presbyter, now you are out,
The Tories are up, and the Wheel goes about.

*Then fill a great Bowl, fill it up to the Brim,
In Oceans of Sherry let Honesty swim.*

Come drink to the Union, the Church, and the Queen,
While Pop'ry and Anarchy dies of the Spleen.

*Then to Great Britain fill up a large Tun,
And a Halter for those the Confusion begun.*

Leviathan ; or, a Hymn to poor Brother Ben.

To the Tune of the Good Old Cause reviv'd.

WHY now so melancholy, Ben?

What, stab'd to Death by Blackball's Pen?
Invoke old Hobs, and snarl agen.

What

What, freezing nigh the Artick Pole?
 Rouse, Rouse thy sad dejected Soul,
 Here's *Tom a Bedlam* with a Bowl.

Then awake, and clear the fatal Cup,
 'Twill chear thy drooping Spirits up;
 'Tis Faction's Bowl, leave not a Sup.

Oh! bravely drank; for this I'll raise
 Thy Name aloft in *Milton's* Lays,
 And *Tindal's* Rights shall sound thy Praise.

Why howl the Dogs? From whence this Sound?
 Why dance the Golden Tripods round?
 And what is't moves the solid Ground?

Cho. *Great Ben with sacred Rage is blest,*
He foams, he swells, he is comprest,
The God sits heavy on his Breast.

Hence, hence, ye mitr'd Priests, away,
 All ye who blind Obedience pay
 To Royal Monarchs Princely Sway.

Thou Mobb our Sov'reign Lord, appear,
 With unpolluted Feet draw near,
 And sit in thy imperial Chair.

Thou equal to the Gods above,
 And scarce inferior unto *Jove*;
 Through thee we are, we live, and move.

Thou art the universal Pole;
 Round thee all other Powers rowl,
 And thou dost actuate the whole.

From thee all Magistracy springs;
 Thou giv'st the sacred Rule to Kings,
 And at thy Nod, they're useless Things. What,

What, tho' they stile themselves divine,
And would succeed by Right of Line,
There is no Law on Earth, but thine.

To whom thou list, thou giv'st the Crown,
To *Charles* or *Nol*, to Prince or Clown,
And who sets up, may tumble down.

Thou bid'st them act the People's Good;
But if they rule not as they shou'd,
With Glory thou may'st let them Blood.

Like thy bold Sires in Forty-Eight,
Who neck'd their Prince, a worthy Fate !
For tyrannizing o'er the State.

That Prince, by Title *Charles* the First,
Of all the Race of Kings, the worst,
Nor pious, great, nor good, nor just.

Therefore thy Sires could not him save,
But sent him headless to the Grave;
Such Honour all the Saints shall have.

And if, like them, thou wil't fulfil
Our Sov'reign Lord the People's Will,
Thou must dethrone or stab the Ill.

Cho. *Then thus great Salters-Hall shall ring ;
Thus, thus the Calve's-head Club shall sing,
Leviathan, our God and King.*

A new Ballad on a late strolling Doctor.

To the old Tune of, Hey Boys! up go we; or what o-
ther you please.

1.

Good Folks, I pray, have not you heard
Of a Criminal of late,
Who has rode thro' Town and Country too,
In a most pompous State?
In a most pompous State indeed,
With a Train of brainless Fools,
All manag'd by some K—s above,
And made their easy Tools.

2.

This was a Man in holy Church,
Of Republican Renown
In * Eighty Eight, who labour'd hard
To pull his Sov'reign down;
To pull his Sov'reign down to Rights,
And set up glorious Will,
The bravest Prince that e'er before
The British Throne did fill.

* The Re-
volution.

3.

But this same shuffling Priest has since
A silly Turn-Coat prov'd,
And, by his passive Doctrine, has
The Mob to Rebellion mov'd;
The Mob to Rebellion mov'd, (ah, R—!)
Against the Church and Queen,
And all the Laws impune; sure
The like was never seen.

4.

This Priest, in all his Strollings, met
With more than Fidler's Fare;
For he had Meat, and Drink, and yellow Boys,
And Women e'en to spare;

And

And Women e'en to spare, forsooth,
 Thanks to their thick-skull'd Fools,
 That were manag'd by some K—s above,
 And made their easy Tools.

5.

The *Levites*, of this Jollity,
 Resolving to partake,
 Came thick and three-fold into th' Crowd,
 Just as at any Wake ;
 All to *buzza*, and shew themselves
 As errand Oafs and Fools,
 As e'er were rid by crafty K—s,
 That knew who were their Tools.

6.

And now, to work they went full drive,
 Addressee for to make,
 And slap-dash Lives and Fortunes all,
San's Sense or Reason stake ;
San's Sense or Reason stake, such are
 These wretched miscreant Fools,
 Who're manag'd by some K—s above,
 And made their easy Tools.

7.

But would you gladly know herein
 What was their main Intent ?
 Why ! 'twas to have the Queen (God bless !)
 Call a new P——t ;
 Call a new P——t forthwith,
 To please these *Tory* Fools,
 Who're manag'd, &c.

8.

And ah ! when that is once obtain'd,
 What next will be their Cry ?
 A Whirligig, a Turn-about,
 And Change of M——y ;
 A Change of M——y, no Doubt,
 Would please these *Bedlam* Fools,
 Who are manag'd, &c.

9.
 But then, to plague the *Whigs*, on whom
 They hope to wreak their Spight,
 The Acts of *Settlement* they damn,
 For *hereditary* Right;
 For *hereditary* Right, in Hopes
 To please these High-Church Fools,
 Who're manag'd, &c.

10.
 But how do they confound this Right,
 Both human and divine!
 Her Majesty's, and also that
 O' th' *Hannoverian* Line!
 This only's made a Stale, to draw
 In Country Puts and Fools,
 Who're manag'd, &c.

11.
 But now stand clear, for th' Bellow is,
 Oh! the Danger of the Church,
 Th' *Apostolick* must, by no Means,
 Be left in woful Lurch:
 But *Non-Resistance* stoutly must
 Be held up to old Rules,
 Or else some K—s above would lose
 Their new-bigotted Tools.

12.
 Pray God blefs good Queen *Anne*, and keep,
 And mightily defend her
 From all that sooth her to her Face,
 Yet would bring in Pretender;
 Yet would bring the Pretender in,
 To undeceive those Fools,
 Who have been manag'd by some K—s,
 That call'd them their n'own Tools.

The

The Character of a modern Addresser.

A *Modern Addresser*, is one that has *Life* and *Fortune* in one Hand, and *Fears* and *Jealousies* in the other. He's an Animal of as much Forecast as the Horse which he rides upon, and of as distinguishing Abilities as the Groom that leads him; nor is there any other essential Difference between the *Master* and his *Beast*, but what falls to the Advantage of the latter, since those cannot come up to the Dignity of the *Masculine* Gender, but are properly call'd *Mares* that piss backward.

He's one that would have as many Windings and Turnings as a *City-Custard*, were he not always found out before he can make 'em; and can be as attentive in hearing nothing to the Purpose, as he is remarkable for speaking nothing that is worthy any other Man's Notice.

To be commended by him in one place, is to be disown'd by him in another; and he that has him by the Hand, may not improperly be said to have taken a wet *Eel* by the Tail.

Pro and *Con* are the two Crutches which he walks by, and if one happens to threaten him with a Fall, t'other is ready to interpose, and hold him up by way of Prevention.

If encouraging Carbuncles may be said to be a Token of Courage, he's more valiant than Prince *Eugene*; and if bidding Defiance to *Gouts*, *Rheumatisms*, and other Diseases, with a Bumper in his Hand, is an Indication of Bravery, the Duke of *Marlborough* must give Place to him.

What Pity 'tis then such a Heroe as this should be coupl'd with a common Executioner, and that he that has commanded so many Faggots and Brushes to be burn'd in the Tavern, should be order'd himself to see 'em burn'd in the Streets?

Should

Should you call him a *Camelion*, you would call him out of his Name, for his Face shews that he cannot live upon Air; but should you say, he's an *Amphibious Creature*, and compare him to an *Otter*, you would hit his Character, for he makes no Bones of either Fish or Flesh at what Table soever he meets with it.

In Power, he's for *Jure Divino* Principles, and swears by his Maker, That the best Chapter in Sacred Writ, is the 13th Chapter of the *Romans*, which says, *There is no Power but of God*; but out of Place he's the very Reverse of it, and defies the Voice of the People.

He's of an advanc'd Age, yet may be said to have retain'd the Blue of the Plumb in his Frontipiece, since his Looks are consopant to that Colour, only they are not of such a Blue as will never stain.

He's like a new Book with an old Title, at first Sight you'll expect Hypocrisy to be the Contents of it, but survey it well, and you'll find it made up of Impudence.

His Fore-fathers in Forty One are mere Pigmies in Sedition to him; their Pretence was to remove evil Councillors from their Sovereign, but he is never at Rest till he gets into an Employment, to capacitate him to give evil Advice to his.

Ask him his Religion, and his Answer is, It is older than the ten Commandments; but question him about those Commandments, and he cannot make up the Number for the Soul of him, since the fifth must needs slip him, because it enjoins Obedience to Superiors.

He is not for an *Aristocracy*, because he is conscious to himself, if only the *best Men* were to be chosen for our *Rulers*, he should never have a Finger in the Pye; but a *Democracy* suits him to a Hair, because of his *Mob-Principles*.

He's

He's an *Aristotelian*, though he loves the *Mammon* of Unrighteousness too well to be a Philosopher; and his Actions are sufficient Arguments to shew, that the Corruption of one Thing, is the Generation of the other.

He's one that has been deputed by the People to make *new Laws*, and thinks of it no Consequence what becomes of the *old*.

He's an *English* Man with a *Scotch* Heart, an *Irish* Pair of Heels, and a *Swiss* Countenance: His Courage is in chusing the strongest Side, his Constancy in being ever subject to Variation, and his Honesty in in what you think to call it, for I know not where to find it unless it, be in his Gravity.

He's a mere *Reptile*, that should have had the *Serpent* for his *Father*, from his solliciting other People to sin, and *Eve* for his *Mother*, by his Readiness to comply with Temptations himself.

He never looks upon our Majesty's Arms, but *Semper Eadem* gives him the Gripes; for he knows he had not been what he is, had he continu'd what he was.

He should be an *Israelite* by his mutinous Temper, at the same Time as the rest of his Actions speak him to be an Infidel; and the only Way to trace his Descent to the Fountain-Head, is to search for his Forefathers among the Malecontents in the Wilderness, where 'tis ten to one but you find 'em crying Liberty and Property for the Flesh-Pots of *Agypt*.

To conclude, he may be understood, but not thoroughly defin'd; for his ill Practices are without End, and so might his Description: Wherefore I shall take my Leave of him, by saying he's like one of our fashionable Things call'd Beaux, that, as he has no Brains, because they are out of Date, so has he no Honesty: And if my Reader is in Search after one that is neither Fish, Flesh, nor good red Herring,

Herring, that is, neither Christian, Jew, Turk, Infidel, or Heritick, *simply*, but has a Relish of the Leaven of every Perswasion, *complexly*, here he has him at his Service, and much Good may the Bargain do him, for I am glad of this Opportunity to rid my Hand of him.

A Receipt to make a stiff-rumpt Presbyterian.

TAKE of the Herbs *Hypocrisy* and *Ambition*, of each two Hand-fulls; of the Flower of *Formality*, two Scruples; of the Spirit of *Pride*, two Drams; of the Seeds of *Contention*, *Stubbornness*, and *Contempt*, of each four Drams; of the Root of *Moderation*, as small a Quantity as possible: Chop the Herbs, pound the Seeds, slice the Roots, bruize all together in a Mortar of *Vain-glory*, with a Pestle of *Contradiction*, put them into a Tun of *factious Water*, to be infus'd over a Brimstone Fire of *feign'd Zeal* without *Goodness*, adding thereto two Ounces of the Syrup of *Self-conceit*. When luke-warm, let the Person who is to be made a Presbyterian, take ninety Spoon-fulls every Night and Morning, before and after his *Cant* has left him. When his Mouth is full of this damnable *Compound*, let him make wry Mouths, whine, and squeeze out some Tears of *Disimulation*. This will make the *Schismatick* maintain the *Alcoran*, confound the *Church*, delude the *People*, justify *Dissention*, foment *Revolution*, and call it *Liberty of Conscience*.

F I N I S.

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